

PALMER DODGING REAL ISSUES IN SENATE BATTLE

Doesn't Want Bryan to Come
Into Pennsylvania
This Fall.

TRYING TO SIDESTEP TARIFF

Will Hardly Explain at Meeting Here
Tomorrow Night Why the Coke
Ovens are Cold and Thousands Out
of Work; No Enthusiasm for Ticket.

Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer, former of the House and steel schedule of the Underwood tariff bill which has resulted in a disastrous loss of national issues in the present campaign, Palmer is running for the United States Senate in 1916. It is supposed to have been stated for the office by President Woodrow Wilson, yet the latest advice from Washington is to effect that Secretary Bryan had been asked by Palmer not to come into Pennsylvania in behalf of the Democratic ticket. Palmer wants to avoid national issues.

When the Palmer boom was first launched there was a great hurrah for the effect that President Wilson, Secretary Bryan and other cabinet members would stamp the state. The only member of the President's cabinet family who will have a chance to say anything in Pennsylvania will be William H. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, a native of the state who will make a bid for the labor vote of the anthracite region by virtue of his former connection with the United Mine Workers of America. Palmer, Wilson may attend a Young Men's Christian Association meeting in Pittsburgh, but there will not be much politics to his visit.

The Democrats are making desperate efforts to cloud the issues of the campaign. How badly they are frightened by his shadow in no better way than the fact that they do not dare permit a member of the Wilson administration to come into the state, for fear that national issues might be raised. Palmer had no chance to his credit in the state. He has not even been able to get into the state. He has not even been able to get into the state. He has not even been able to get into the state.

As for his past in framing the tariff bill which played havoc with the country's industries, and particularly those of Pennsylvania, Palmer's administration has been largely limited to the distribution of patronage in behalf of the administration. During the first year of the Wilson administration Palmer openly neglected his duties as a member of Congress and devoted his entire time to his private business. He has not even been able to get into the state. He has not even been able to get into the state. He has not even been able to get into the state.

The Democrats will hold a meeting here tomorrow night. Both Palmer and Vance C. McCormick are scheduled to speak. At the same time a meeting will be held in Uniontown. When one speaks of the election here, he will be reminded in Uniontown in an auto and best talent will fill the gap until the arrival of the other who will open the county seat meeting. The meeting will be held in the Colonial Theatre, but a new theatre is being built here, and it is thought it is necessary to arrange for an overture.

Coincident with the arrival of the Democratic candidates in Western Pennsylvania, a Pittsburgh newspaper has the following to say of industrial conditions in this section: "That the depression in business which began when the Democratic tariff became effective is becoming worse in the Pittsburgh district, affecting many thousands of workmen and employees in steel plants, is being further demonstrated yesterday by a statement from the executive officials of the United Mine Workers of the district, which says that while the average number of miners employed in the district under normal conditions is 20,000, the actual number employed, whole or part time, since May has not exceeded 20,000 and today not more than 25,000 miners can be found as workmen full time in the district."

The Pressed Steel Car Company, which has been at work maintaining some operations in its McKees Rocks plant for the past summer, has closed practically all of that plant with the exception of a small repair department and the passenger coach shops, which are fully well supplied with orders. Only a few hundred men are employed in that enterprise now, though normally it gives steady work to 1,000 workmen. The Woods Run plant of the company is also closed, and normally this gives work to 2,000 men.

"The only hope for preventing the reduction in mill output in the Pittsburgh district as proposed by the Carnegie Steel Company on January 1 will come from some signs of improvement before then. Thus far at least nothing has indicated that this is likely. Independent steel companies are forced to cut wages because of what the Carnegie company does."

Why Not Publish It?

When you want a fact to become generally known, the right way is to publish it. Mrs. Joseph K. Hays, Penn. Ind. was troubled with indigestion, sour stomach and frequent headache. She writes: "I feel I had to get out of this. I had a Chamberlain's Tablets have done for me. They have helped my digestion and regulated my bowels. Since using them I have been entirely well." For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

SOCIETY.

Celebrate Anniversary.

The thirtieth anniversary of the organization of the Connellsville Auxiliary of the Christian Women's Board of Missions of the Christian Church was celebrated in an interesting manner yesterday afternoon in the Sunday school room of the church. Mrs. John L. Guss presiding. There exercises were opened by prayer by Mrs. Frances Marsh. A special program followed, the introductory number of which was a piano solo by Mrs. A. A. Smith. Interpolating the addresses and papers relating to the history and activities of the board by a Ladies' quartet, consisting of Mrs. George W. Scott, Mrs. P. B. Webster and Mrs. C. C. Buckner under the leadership of Mrs. Rose L. Lytle, chorister, acceptably rendered a series of solo, duet and quartet selections.

Mrs. Harry Kutz, one of the charter members, read a paper devoted to the history of the board during the first 20 years of its existence. Mrs. J. L. Kutz gave a summary of the second report covering a period of eight years and Mrs. J. Melvin Grey reviewed the work of the treasurer, which office she has filled for 10 years. "Japan" was the subject of a paper read by Mrs. W. D. Colburn. Mrs. Edward S. Smith told of the part taken in the work by the Junior Band. Lunch was served at conclusion of the program. The out of town guests were Mrs. Frank Snider and Mrs. L. N. Neighley of Uniontown.

The Westminster Guild of the First Presbyterian church will meet this evening at 7:30 o'clock at the home of Miss Pauline McDonald. All members are requested to attend.

The Knights Daughters of the First Presbyterian church held a successful parade past yesterday afternoon and last evening in the West building. For cream and cake were also on sale.

J. B. Clark Meets. Miss Carrie Sue Denny delightedly entertained the J. B. Clark last night at her home on West Fourth street. All members attended and spent an enjoyable evening at fancy work. Miss Denny served refreshments. The club Thursday evening, October 22, at her home on Johnson avenue. Out of town guests were Miss Elizabeth Williams, Miss Elizabeth Thomas and Mrs. John C. Williams of Scotland.

The marriage of Miss Irene McWilliams and Clyde Watson Phillips, all be solemnized tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock at the home of the bride on Locust avenue, Scotland. Rev. J. H. McWhorter, pastor of All Saints Episcopal church, and a friend of the family will officiate. After a wedding trip Mr. Phillips and his bride will be at home at Johnson.

Entertainment Club. Mrs. H. P. Snyder was hostess of the opening night of the Thursday Afternoon Card Club for the season yesterday afternoon at her home in East Fairview avenue. Five tables were called into requisition and following the evening Miss Anne White was awarded the guests prize and Mrs. Herbert Knox and Mrs. Joseph J. Johnston the club prizes. Luncheon was served. Mrs. Herbert Knox will entertain the club Thursday afternoon, October 22, at her home in Salisbury street.

Will Attend Convention. W. S. Anderson, chief clerk for the West Penna. Railway Company, left this morning for Washington, D. C., where he will be joined by Mrs. Anderson who has been the guest of her sister, Miss Eva Rosenfield. Later they will leave for Atlantic City where Mr. Anderson will attend the annual convention of the Electric Railway Association. They also expect to visit in Boston and New York before returning home.

Opening Meeting. The opening meeting of the Thursday Morning Bridge for the season will be held next Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Mae Brown on East Cedar avenue.

Missionary Meeting. About 40 members of the Women's Missionary Society of the Trinity Lutheran Church attended the regular meeting held yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Harry Decker on Ninth street, Greenwood. Mrs. J. J. Thompson was leader. Refreshments were served and a social hour was held.

Doctors Will Meet. Dr. E. C. Sherick will entertain the Young Men's Social Club this evening at the Colonial Inn, South Pittsburgh street.

Afternoon at Cards. Mrs. E. N. Leche is entertaining the Friday Afternoon Bridge Club this afternoon at her home on Patterson avenue.

The regular meeting of the O. C. Society of the First Methodist Episcopal church will be held Tuesday evening at the home of J. B. Morris on Race street.

Evening at Fancy Work. The Ladies' Club was entertained last evening by Miss Mae Cochran at her home on Cedar avenue. Fancy work was the amusement of the evening. Refreshments were served. The next meeting will be held at the home of Miss Dorothy Herbert in East Main street.

G. A. R. Circle Meets. The Ladies' Circle No. 100 of the Grand Army of the Republic met yesterday afternoon in the old Bellows Hall. Business of a routine nature was transacted. The regular meeting of the ladies work club of the circle will be held Thursday night at the home of Mrs. John Chamberlain in East Connellsville.

Evening at Cards. Five tables were in play at the regular meeting of the South Side Euchre Club held last evening at the home of Attorney and Mrs. J. C. Matthews at their home in South Pittsburgh street. At the close of the games luncheon was served. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Stauffer will entertain the club Thursday evening, October 22.

Celebrate Anniversary. The thirtieth anniversary of the Christian Church was celebrated yesterday afternoon in the church with an appropriate program.

Read The Daily Courier.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Jennie Turner and daughter, Miss Grace, and son Edward, formerly known Connellsville residents, left for their home in Washington this morning after a visit at the home of D. P. Patterson on Morton avenue. They also spent some time with relatives at Tippecanoe.

Solson Theatre. Today, "Trey O' Hearts," two reels; "East Lynne in Buckville," "The Deer Hunter," comedy. Five cents.—Adv.

Mrs. J. R. Morris and two children, Race street, left this morning for a visit with relatives in West Virginia. Miss Rita McManus is visiting friends in Pittsburgh today.

Miss Mabel Henderson of Greensburg, returned home yesterday after a visit with her sister, Mrs. C. W. Dwyer.

There are thousands of men all over the coke region wearing clothes made here, why not you? Dave Cohen, Editor.—Adv.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter N. Goldsmith have moved into their new home in East Green street. They have as a week-end guest, Miss Edna Rosenberg, of Pittsburgh, a sister of Mrs. Goldsmith.

Miss Josephine Moore, a teacher at Mill Run, spent last night at her home here.

More poultry is being raised in Connellsville than ever before, and yet prices for one-day-old eggs keep gratifyingly high from the poultrymen viewpoint. Some local poultrymen report their hens laying as well now as in spring and acknowledge that Pratt's Poultry Regulator in the mud is what makes them lay. It can be bought of Frisbee Hardware Company, Duell & Co. and Henry Rhoades.—Adv.

T. G. Elzer, employed in the power department of the West Penna. Railway Company, is spending his vacation at his home in Manning, W. Va.

Mrs. H. M. Feltman and Mrs. Harry Molins of Uniontown, were in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Howard Hamilton of Everett, and Mrs. Charles Munro of Scotland, were the guests of the Mrs. Margaret Keating of Uniontown's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker of South Connellsville yesterday.

Mr. John Hoop of Greensburg, has returned home from a visit with his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hoop of California, Pa.

D. B. Wagner, George L. Armstrong, Mrs. Florence McDonald and Miss Irene Brust of the West Side, were among those from Connellsville who took in the Brownsville centennial yesterday.

Mrs. E. E. Coleman and daughter, Mildred, of the West Side, have returned home after spending a few days with friends in Rockwood.

Charles L. Persol of the West Side, was attending the centennial at Brownsville yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Persol of the West Side, are attending the funeral of their daughter, Mrs. Clara Adams at Fairview today.

Caleb and Clark Campbell of the West Side, were in Brownsville yesterday taking in the centennial.

Mrs. Nellie I. Showman of North Pittsburgh street is recovering from an illness.

Miss Rebecca Clowes, superintendent of the Cottage State Hospital, went to Pittsburgh this morning for a several days' visit.

YOUR HAIR NEEDS PARISIAN SAGE

It Quickly Removes Dandruff, Stops Falling Hair and Scalp Itch.

If your hair is full of dandruff, thin, streaky, dull and never will do up to look pretty, you can almost immediately remove the cause making it beautiful, thick and fluffy by the use of Parisian Sage, one of the most helpful and invigorating hair and scalp tonics known.

Parisian Sage not only saves your hair but stimulates the hair roots and makes the condition of the scalp so healthy that it grows long, abundant and radiant with life. Just one application removes every trace of dandruff and stops scalp itch—your hair becomes soft and fluffy with an incomparable gloss, lustre and shine.

You cannot be disappointed with this harmless and delicately perfumed tonic for there is nothing so good for your hair. It is easily applied at home and costs but a trifle from A. H. Clark, or any drug counter.—Adv.

PAIR WILL CELEBRATE

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Rute Have Been Married 50 Years.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Rute of North Jackson will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary tomorrow at the Brunswick Hotel in Uniontown. Mrs. Rute before her marriage was Miss Mary Smith and 50 years ago tomorrow the marriage ceremony was performed in Uniontown. Only relatives of the two families will attend the celebration which will be featured by an elaborate dinner.

Mr. Rute is a retired merchant of Vanderbilt and practically all their married life has been spent at Vanderbilt. Of late they have made their home with their only daughter Mrs. Charles McGill at North Dawson St. S. Rute of the West Side is a brother of Mr. Rute. In speaking of the event yesterday Mr. Rute stated that on the day of the wedding he drove to Uniontown and while on his way he saw a woman.

Dancing Class Meets. The first meeting of the Thursday Night Dancing Class was held last evening at the Colonial Inn, South Pittsburgh street. The class will meet weekly.

The Certainty of Quality Goes With Every Purchase Made Here



Finest Lines of Style-Correct Suits

We are showing a most complete line of tailored suits which should appeal to the refined tastes of style and quality particular women. Scores of exclusive new style effects in all the fashion favored fabrics, colorings and weaves—certain quality outergarments fashioned by the world's cleverest style creators and yet are most moderately priced.

Stunning Autumn Suits	Beautiful Suits
of fine all wool materials in black and desirable colors; coats are lined with guaranteed satin; the very best full models and extra well tailored.....	of imported materials, in all the desirable full colorings; faultlessly tailored; several very stylish models to select from; exceptional values.....
\$15	\$25

NEW FALL COATS

There's a wonderful variety of stylish, attractive models here now to choose from—Scottish mixtures, serges, chevots, coverlets, broadcloths and Zibellins; made in the very latest and most approved styles; in plain colors and fancy mixtures.....

\$5 to \$35

New Millinery of Rare Beauty and Style

The most attractive showing of charming and exclusive autumn millinery for women and misses that will be seen in any other store in the city—beautiful adaptation and copies of Paris hats, and tasteful, becoming original creations in the newest fashion—approved styles, shapes and colorings.

A special showing Saturday of beautifully trimmed hats, all silk velvet \$5.00 shapes, the very best of the season, many sailor effects in the lot; tastefully trimmed with rich materials; truly great values; black and colors.....

BEAR SKIN COATS
White ring bearskin coats, neatly lined with quilted lining; turn back cuffs.....

\$1.95

CHILDREN'S COATS
Children's Coats, made of all wool para cloth, with velvet collar and cuffs.....

\$2.50

CHILDREN'S COATS
Children's all wool chinchilla cloth coats for ages up to 6; double-breasted, satin lined.....

\$2.95

CHILDREN'S COATS
Children's maulasse coats, strictly all wool, in copen, brown, navy and red, with gray come fur collar.....

\$5.00

CHILDREN'S COATS
Children's Coats, made of Sultie black seal plush; special value and cannot be duplicated.....

\$5.00

Special Offerings For Children

Our Juvenile Department is now complete with everything for the dress and comfort of the little ones from the baby to the girl of 6 years. No more complete stock can be found anywhere and the prices are right. Saturday we place on sale special offerings that all economical mothers should take advantage of. Bring the little tots here on that day and let us fit them out from head to foot.

INFANTS' SHOES

Infants' Kid Shoes, with soft soles, in white, pink, light blue, also these colors with black leather tops.....

50c

LONG SKIRTS

Infants' Long Skirts, made of good quality flannel, nicely embroidered.....

25c

SHORT SKIRTS

Infants' Short Skirts, made of good quality material, nicely finished.....

25c

CHILD'S SWEATERS

Children's Sweaters in sizes 20, 22 and 24, all wool, in white, copen and red; exceptional good values.....

\$1.00

SWEATER SETS

Children's Sweater Sets, all wool, consisting of sweater, leggings, cap and mittens, tan, white and oxford, set.....

\$3.50

BABY SOAP

"Rite" Baby Soap made in Austria, nothing equals this for the baby's bath, (dozen \$1.10), cake.....

10c

INFANTS' DRESSES

Infants' Long and Short Dresses, made of nainsook, collar and cuffs lace trimmed.....

25c

CHILDREN'S DRESSES

Fine showing of Children's Dresses made of standard percales in light and dark colorings, with the new style Balkan waists.....

59c

INFANTS' CAPS

Pretty line of Infants' Caps, made of China silk, hemmed, tucked and embroidered.....

25c

CHILDREN'S HATS

Complete lines of Children's Hats, handsome models in silk, velvet, plush and Rob Roy plaids.....

25c to \$10

CHILDREN'S BONNETS

Great showing of Children's Bonnets in fur, velvet, plush and silk, in all colors and styles, priced.....

50 to 7.50

The E. Dunn Store CUTHBERTSON & ROE

129-131-133 N. Pittsburg St., Connellsville, Pa.

AMOLX THE NEW DISCOVERY

Many Cures Reported Daily in Towns Where It Is Known.

The wonderful cures that are being made by this remarkable new remedy are almost beyond belief. A young man suffered from a bad case of eczema. His face was a sight to behold; all covered with red blotches, pustules and pimples. So unsightly was his appearance that he gave up all social life. Failing to find relief with doctors and remedies, he became despondent and discouraged. After a few weeks' treatment with Amolx the scaly redness disappeared, pustules healed and he was entirely cured. A few months following her mother wrote that Amolx had done wonders for her daughter, and she was married last week. Scars like a fairy tale, doesn't it? Yes, this is the truth. There is only one of its kind. This is only one of the many cures that Amolx has been introduced and its merits have become known. Amolx is invaluable for eczema, psoriasis, itching, scabies, hives, and many other skin afflictions. Recommended and guaranteed by Graham & Company. Your money back if it fails to do what we claim for it.—Adv.

DEATHS.

George Ritter's Funeral.

Rev. J. B. Reed, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Laurel Hill, and Rev. Medall, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Leetsburg, officiated at the funeral of George Ritter held yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the residence of his father, John Ritter at Bitter. Many friends and relatives of the deceased attended. Among the out of town persons were Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Livingston of Everett, Mr. and Mrs. George Scharf of Washington, Pa., and Wallace Ritter and family of Washington county. Interment in Hill Grove Cemetery.

Miss Johnson's Funeral. The body of Miss Sarah Johnson of Uniontown, who died yesterday at the Allegheny General Hospital, Pittsburgh, arrived here this morning on Baltimore & Ohio train No. 6, and was transferred to Uniontown. Miss Johnson was 62 years old. John L. Johnson of Somerset is a brother.

Mrs. Martin Barlet. The funeral of Mrs. Maggie Smiley Martin took place yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the family residence at Dunbar. Rev. Blayton, pastor of St. Peter's Episcopal Church,

LOOKING AHEAD

With winter months ahead, when short days and cold weather make the light and fuel bills jump skyward where are you going to make up this great difference? You can do it on your grocery bills if you buy from us. Start now and get an advantage on the cold winter weather.

BEST SERVICE AND BEST MEATS AT OUR MEAT COUNTER ALWAYS.

50 lb. sack White Satin Flour.....	\$1.75	Fancy Sugar Hams, pound.....	20c
50 lb. sack Larabee's Best Flour....	\$1.70	7 boxes Arrow Starch.....	35c
7 lbs. Loose Rolled Oats.....	25c	7 lbs. Loose Lump Starch.....	25c
10 lb. sack Fresh Corn Meal.....	27c	3 large cans Tomatoes.....	25c
Extra Choice Rio Coffee, pound.....	17c	4 small cans Tomatoes.....	25c
3 5c-sacks Salt.....	10c	Good Pink Salmon, can.....	10c
3 5c-boxes Matches.....	10c	4 lb. box Gold Dust.....	20c
Extra Quality Cocoa, pound.....	18c	1 can Eagle Milk, can.....	15c
3 cans Snider's Tomato Soup.....	25c	2 dozen Large Dill Pickles.....	25c
6 small cans Milk.....	25c	3 dozen Sweet or Sour Pickles.....	25c
3 large cans Milk.....	25c	Nice Fat Mackerel, each.....	5c
2 cans Sliced Peaches.....	25c	Extra Good Oleomargarine, 3 lbs.....	45c
Choice Evaporated Peaches, 3 lbs.....	25c	Extra Good Oleomargarine, 5 lbs.....	75c
Fancy Appricots, pound.....	15c	Prairie Queen Butterine, equal to any you can buy elsewhere at 25c at.....	23c
2 bottles Heinz Catsup.....	25c		
Fancy Mountain Potatoes, bushel.....	80c		

Buy your Oleomargarine from us and get a Graham Butter Mixer FREE.

BAUR'S AND WARD'S CAKES, BUNS AND ROLLS.

DAVIDSON'S

"THE STORE THAT DOES THINGS FOR YOU."

109 West Main Street,

Connellsville, Pa.

Uniontown, officiated. Interment in Mount Airy Cemetery.

Charles Royan's Funeral. The funeral of Charles Royan took place yesterday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock from the family residence and at 2 o'clock from the Christian Church. Rev. C. C. Buckner, pastor of the local Christian Church, officiated. The services were largely attended and there were many pretty floral tributes. The pallbearers were R. K. Smith, Walter Keizer, Walter Freed, Edward Budd and J. C. Donovan. Interment in Dickerson Run Union Cemetery.

Sails for Europe. John T. Wertz sailed Tuesday for a two months European trip. He expects to spend most of his time in Paris and en route home will visit points of interest along the Pacific Coast.

Will Become a Nurse. Miss Marie Gemus has entered St. West Penna. Hospital, Pittsburgh, to become a student nurse.

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PETEY ABROAD—He Couldn't Arrest Pete, But He Did.



EXPORT BUSINESS NORMAL NOW, BUT STEEL TRADE LAGS

Figures Show War is Not
Affecting Shipments
Abroad.

FAR BEHIND 1913 TONNAGE

Even With Conditions Restored to
Point Where They Were Before the
War Breaks Trade Must Still Make
Up Much Ground It Has Lost.

It has been announced that the United States Steel Corporation's export business is now restored to the volume that prevailed before the war. Satisfaction with the condition thus stated is tempered by reflection that the July statistics of iron and steel exports, just issued by the government, show that the total tonnage in July was 20 per cent less than that of June, 12 per cent less than the average of the six months preceding June and 33 per cent less than the average in 1913, the record year for iron and steel exports.

The restoration of the rate prevailing just before the war, therefore, leaves much ground still to be covered before even the best rate of the past can be attained. The total iron and steel exports in July were 14,750 tons, some of which were for unfinished steel. Against such inquiry the mills are not in a position to moderate prices that were named in August, British buyers indicating that the prices named against the early inquiries were quite impossible.

There is some demand from Australia and other points in the Eastern Hemisphere, while South American demand is extremely light, and there are no hopes of much business from that continent for several months at least.

Each week lately has indicated that the domestic market is not so bright as it once was. While there is no material change in conditions now as compared with a week ago, the prospects are that the total tonnage in October will be at a lower rate than those of the past fortnight, because speculations lately have been stimulated by the expiration of a number of low-priced contracts on October 1, and buyers specified somewhat more heavily on such contracts than they did on the higher-priced contracts now in force. With the bulk of contract business there is no price change from the third to the fourth quarter. Contracts for wire products at the lowest prices have been terminated, and speculations hereafter will be on contracts at the intermediate price, there having been two advances, one July 20 and one August 21.

The attitude of buyers is in all cases one of extreme conservatism, dictated chiefly by financial conditions, and banks are counseling conservatism and practically enforcing it by withholding, to a large extent, their usual accommodations.

For the more distant future, the prospects are regarded as very bright. The needs of the country are accumulating and eventually financial conditions will be such as to permit their being met. The export market, while destined to a slower growth than was at first expected, is certain in time to become a greater factor than ever before. It is possible that in 1915 a new record rate for exports will be made, and the almost unanimous feeling is that if this record rate is not attained next year, it will be in the year following.

MOUNT PLEASANT.

MOUNT PLEASANT, October 2.—Miss Charlotte Page entertained the Alpha Kappa Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at her Washington street home last evening with a fancy work party. Very nice refreshments were served.

Word was received here yesterday that Miss Martha Warden had died at Atlantic City. Her sisters Alice and Edith and brothers Samuel and John were at her bedside when she died. Her body will be taken to her home in this city and will be buried in the cemetery at 12 o'clock tomorrow. A funeral will be held at the home of Mrs. Warden at 2 o'clock tomorrow. The funeral will be held at the home of Mrs. Warden at 2 o'clock tomorrow.

WOMEN SUFFER FROM WAR

Thousands of Women of Europe Are
Left Destitute, Unprotected and
in Misery.

The hearts of the women of America go out to their sisters in Europe who are left in misery and want. American women often suffer from deprivations that are purely feminine.

At the first symptoms of any derangement of the feminine organism at any period of life the one safe, really helpful remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It is a woman's medicine and as such its mighty and marvelous restorative power is acknowledged the country over.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a true friend to women in times of trial and at times of pain when the organs are not performing their functions. For headache, backache, hot flashes, catarrhal condition, bearing down sensation, mental depression, dizziness, fainting spells, lassitude and exhaustion women should never fail to take this tried and true women's medicine.

It's not a secret remedy for all the ingredients are printed on the wrapper. Sold in either tablet or liquid form.

A GREAT BOOK EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE.

"If you will pay the mailing charges which are but a trifle," says Dr. Pierce, "I will send you my cloth bound book of over 1,000 pages with color plates and numerous illustrations and will not charge you a penny for the book itself."

Over a million copies of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" are now in the hands of the people. It is a book that everyone should have and read in case of accident or sickness. It is so plainly written that anyone can understand it.

Send 20 cents in stamps for mailing charges to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and enclose this notice and you will receive by return mail, all charges prepaid, this valuable book.

—Adv.

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Send 20 cents in stamps for mailing charges to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and enclose this notice and you will receive by return mail, all charges prepaid, this valuable book.

—Adv.

CONFEQUENCE.

CONFEQUENCE, Oct. 8.—Harry Campbell of Humber, was calling on friends here last evening. He was accompanied by William Bowman and son Arthur of Johnson's Chapel, were business visitors here yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Plank and Mrs. J. C. Younk and son Russell, returned home yesterday after visiting Mrs. Younk's sister, Mrs. Lloyd Colborn of Brownsville for several days.

Miss Lucy Lenthart of Somerset, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Marshall Swain for several days.

J. W. Fuller of Pittsburg, gave a very interesting lecture in the park last evening on "The Horrors of the War."

Fred Rayburn returned to his home in Johnson's Chapel, after visiting relatives here for several days.

Clay Shaw of Johnson Chapel, was a visitor in town yesterday.

Mrs. J. H. Davis left this morning for a two weeks' visit with friends in Pittsburg and other points.

The W. C. T. U. met at the home of Mrs. J. C. Younk Thursday afternoon.

Miss Helen Bitter of Morgantown, W. Va., is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Bitter of the West Side for a few weeks.

PERRYVILLE, Oct. 8.—P. E. Althart of McKeesport, was a business caller in town yesterday.

A number of the members of the United W. C. T. U. attended a meeting in Enawau yesterday.

Mrs. Lena Galley and sister, Irene, left yesterday for a trip by auto to New York.

Mrs. Joseph Carr of Star Junction, was the guest of Mrs. Thomas Hixson last evening.

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It Always Does the Work.
"I like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy better than any other," writes R. P. Roberts, Homer City, Pa. "It has taken it off and on for years and it has never failed to give the desired results." For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

WOMEN SUFFER FROM WAR

Thousands of Women of Europe Are
Left Destitute, Unprotected and
in Misery.

The hearts of the women of America go out to their sisters in Europe who are left in misery and want. American women often suffer from deprivations that are purely feminine.

At the first symptoms of any derangement of the feminine organism at any period of life the one safe, really helpful remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It is a woman's medicine and as such its mighty and marvelous restorative power is acknowledged the country over.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a true friend to women in times of trial and at times of pain when the organs are not performing their functions. For headache, backache, hot flashes, catarrhal condition, bearing down sensation, mental depression, dizziness, fainting spells, lassitude and exhaustion women should never fail to take this tried and true women's medicine.

It's not a secret remedy for all the ingredients are printed on the wrapper. Sold in either tablet or liquid form.

A GREAT BOOK EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE.

"If you will pay the mailing charges which are but a trifle," says Dr. Pierce, "I will send you my cloth bound book of over 1,000 pages with color plates and numerous illustrations and will not charge you a penny for the book itself."

Over a million copies of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" are now in the hands of the people. It is a book that everyone should have and read in case of accident or sickness. It is so plainly written that anyone can understand it.

Send 20 cents in stamps for mailing charges to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and enclose this notice and you will receive by return mail, all charges prepaid, this valuable book.

—Adv.

CONFEQUENCE.

CONFEQUENCE, Oct. 8.—Harry Campbell of Humber, was calling on friends here last evening. He was accompanied by William Bowman and son Arthur of Johnson's Chapel, were business visitors here yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Plank and Mrs. J. C. Younk and son Russell, returned home yesterday after visiting Mrs. Younk's sister, Mrs. Lloyd Colborn of Brownsville for several days.

Miss Lucy Lenthart of Somerset, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Marshall Swain for several days.

J. W. Fuller of Pittsburg, gave a very interesting lecture in the park last evening on "The Horrors of the War."

Fred Rayburn returned to his home in Johnson's Chapel, after visiting relatives here for several days.

Clay Shaw of Johnson Chapel, was a visitor in town yesterday.

Mrs. J. H. Davis left this morning for a two weeks' visit with friends in Pittsburg and other points.

The W. C. T. U. met at the home of Mrs. J. C. Younk Thursday afternoon.

Miss Helen Bitter of Morgantown, W. Va., is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Bitter of the West Side for a few weeks.

PERRYVILLE, Oct. 8.—P. E. Althart of McKeesport, was a business caller in town yesterday.

A number of the members of the United W. C. T. U. attended a meeting in Enawau yesterday.

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Adler's Collegian Clothes

fit with glove-like
perfection. Even
the very hard-to-fit
can find their size
in a becoming style.

Every Autumn style
is bright and brisk
—the work of a
brilliant designer.

At your first con-
venience—investi-
gate.

Goldstone Bros.

Title & Trust Bldg.
CONNELLSVILLE, - PA.

FORCED TO SELL OUR AUTOS

Got to Move Nov 1st

Every car must go—All in line condition—They must be sacrificed. We have to move. Building has been rented to other tenants. 600 auto bargains. A few below, all equipped and into models.

Fords, all styles...\$175 to \$250
Buicks and Buicks...\$300
Cadillacs and Hupps...\$275
Devolter and R. C. H...\$300
Packards and Winton...\$400
Studebaker and Elmore...\$275
Oldsmobiles and Overlands...\$400
Kells and E. M. P...\$225
Also 500 Other Real Bargains.

ROMAN AUTO CO., Inc.,
249 N. BROAD ST.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Agents Wanted.
Open Sundays, 10 to 2.

Want Ads—1 Cent a Word.

MOVING AND GENERAL HAULING

Special attention to moving
plants. See

J. N. TRUMP,
Office 103 E. Grape Alley, Oppo-
site P. R. R. depot. Both Phones



These Pictures Illustrate a Few of the Beautiful Premiums Given FREE



COFFEE PERCOLATOR
Given with Admiral Coupons



MEAT CHOPPER
Given with Admiral Coupons



DOUBLE BOILER
Given with Admiral Coupons



SILVER SET
Given with Admiral Coupons

Fine, Mary, Fine!

THE happy, welcome exclamation that greets the ears of the thoughtful housewife who serves

DILWORTH'S ADMIRAL COFFEE

"The Coffee with the real Coffee flavor"

—A really delightful beverage of exceptional merit. Pure and appetizing, delicious in taste, rich in flavor and possessing a choice aroma and uniform strength. Sold in two forms—steel knife-cut or whole. One pound will make 70 cupfuls. You'll have the satisfaction of drinking the best at the price if you order ADMIRAL COFFEE from your grocer.

Beautiful Premiums Given FREE

With every package of ADMIRAL COFFEE we enclose a coupon entitling you to a wide variety of useful household articles. Save the coupons—our premium list, describing the splendid gifts, is in the package.

Dilworth Brothers Co.
Pittsburgh Penna.

Mark Twain

on being asked how many cigars he smoked in a day answered that he never kept books on his habits, but he always observed two rules in smoking: First, never to smoke while sleeping; and Second, to smoke nothing but a pure tobacco cigar.

The second rule can be adhered to strictly by smoking

Citizens Club. 5c Cigar

No dope or flavoring used in their manufacture.

For Sale by

E. J. ENOS
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

READ THE COURIER.

ARE YOU GOING?

WITH EVERYBODY ELSE FROM CONNELLSVILLE TO THE QUEEN CITY,

CUMBERLAND

Via the Breezy

Western Maryland

NEW SCENIC ROUTE

Sunday, October 11, 1914

Fast train leaves Connelville 8:35 A. M.

LOW RATE
EXCURSION \$1.50 ROUND TRIP

Arrive Cumberland 11:35 A. M., returning, leave Cum-

berland 6:15 P. M.

The Daily Courier.

Published as second class matter at the postoffice at Conneltsville, Pa., under postoffice number 1000.
THE CONNELL COMPANY,
 Publishers.
 J. E. SNYDER,
 President and Managing Editor.
 JAMES J. DRISCOLL,
 Secretary and Treasurer.
 Advertising and Circulation Manager.

FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 9, 1914.

DEMOCRATIC REFORM.

The Conneltsville News, being for the moment earnestly in favor of reforming the Republican party for the benefit of the Democratic cause, quotes The Courier as saying it is proper that the names of persons not entitled to vote should be stricken from the registry lists, but "far more important is the starting up of our 13,000 idle coke ovens," and deliberately twists our meaning after the following fashion:

"Now candidly is that statement true? Given its full meaning it is that it is better to have the coke ovens in full blast and business active than to have an honest election and good government."

The Courier's statement is true, but its amplification by The News is misleading. The "full meaning" is a false meaning. We decline to be responsible for the sinister interpretation of a sinister opposition. Our language is plain. We stand by it.

The presence on the registry lists of the names of persons not entitled to vote is not an election fraud per se nor is it prima facie evidence of an intention of an attempt to commit such fraud. The voting list is made up from former lists, from the voter's actual knowledge and from information which comes to him from citizens of the town or township. He puts names on the list at the suggestion of members of all parties. Everybody does it, not excepting the noisy Earl Moore and the splashing Water Carters.

But as already explained the presence of a man's name on the registry list does not qualify him to vote. He is just as open to challenge as he ever was. Many men whose names appear on the registry list do not vote at all.

The registration of illegal voters, wilfully or inadvertently, is not new to the politics of Fayette county or Pennsylvania. Ordinarily no attention is paid to the matter since it is readily corrected at the polls either by the absence of the voter or the presence of the party challengers. The whole purpose of this grandstand play of the Democratic organization of Fayette county is to divert public attention from those 13,000 idle coke ovens and other evidences of industrial paralysis. Every reference to these industries touches the Democratic Jude on the raw and makes her jump.

This loud cry about election frauds where none have been committed, and this high moral harping by highlander politicians, sickens the very souls of men already soured with the sad results of incompetent Democratic administration, and makes them impatient of any further Democratic argument. They have had enough of political piffle and personal punishment. They are sick of sentimental politics with its monumental hypocrisy and its serious cost in the final analysis. Their minds are made up. No matter how far they have wandered they have come back and they are ready to vote the Republican ticket this fall.

The small statesmanship which has been such a large extravagance is doomed. The Barefoot Boys may shrill their pointless accusations and the Barefoot orators may spit their venomous abuse, but they will have no more effect upon these voters than they will upon the grim walls of the cold coke ovens.

The Conneltsville coke workers are tired of Democratic reform; it's work they want.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

"Charity," observes the Cleveland Daily Iron Trade, "begins at home, but it holds good. Why organize peace committees to try to straighten out affairs across the Atlantic, when American matters are so badly muddled? We'd better attend first to our own troubles and to our own war, forgotten for the moment in the midst of foreign turmoil, but still extant; the war of the politician and the demagogue against success."

"Our war has its own list of casualties. Its victims are the rank-and-file of American workmen and their families. Hundreds of thousands have been jobless for more than a year, thanks to ill-considered and worse considered legislation. Nearly a year ago the unemployed in the metal industries of the United States numbered over a million. The European war has doubled this figure. Some of the victims have come to swell the ranks of hobnobbers, others, but few relatively, have turned criminal. But the great majority are pecking along on half rations, standing off as best they can the butcher. The butcher and the candlestick-maker."

"A parallel picture may be drawn of the erstwhile flourishing business, reared from infancy with most painstaking care until it seemed to give employment to many men and became a productive and adding to the country's wealth, now suffering from drought. We have peace committees, foreign and domestic and still other committees whose name is legion but who really do nothing for the war, thought as to our own welfare and a St. Helena for some of our popularity-inspiring legislators. Then we may be of real aid to our poor benighted

brethren who, in this enlightened age, are killing each other.

"Why doesn't some one suggest a day of country-wide prayer for peace among ourselves?"

The Calabroon scandal still talks about the Fayetteville celebration being spoiled by Republican politicians. So far as we have observed the Union-town organ has been the only trouble-maker in this matter. It's Standard Democracy to make all the trouble possible and then blame it on somebody else. We are sometimes told that the European war closed down our coke ovens in spite of the fact that they were shut down before the war was dreamed of.

In politics as in war, boards of strategy are reckless with the truth.

The News is hopelessly entangled with its water meter issue. This issue was represented as a moral issue, but after investigation it was found to be a very cheap imitation. It is even condemned by the Democratic legislators from Fayette county whom it was sought to crown with political martyrdom.

The boy night provokers are boy scouts on the wrong trail.

It was a long dry spell, but the rain finally came, and there is hope that the drought is broken. The political situation is similar. The rain is not due until November 3rd, but it will be no summer shower.

Dunbar wants a short cut to Uniontown. Better make it to Conneltsville. Better town.

The Conneltsville High School is ready for the football campaign. It has chosen an official roster-in-chief. Careful citizens whose ears are assailed by outbursts of British yell need not be alarmed. These Indians are not dangerous.

The Salvation Army solicits clothing for the poor people of Conneltsville. The South House administration is bringing the answer.

The loss the Democratic organs say about the Public Service Commission bill and other progressive legislation passed with the support of the Democratic members of the last legislature the loss they will have to explain about their inconsistency.

The News has employed a funny editor, but it is evident that he has been accustomed to doing heavy work.

The annual First Aid meet of the Price corps indicated the development of efficiency and the great lively interest in the contests indicated the extent to which this movement had promoted the growth of humanity.

People who are waiting on the war to cease had better cease waiting and try to make the most of the situation. It may endure for some time.

Deer Hunting.

By GEORGE FITCH.

Author of "At Good Old Slawish."

Deer hunting is a sport which is enjoyed with passionate enthusiasm by thousands of American men.

No man who has hunted a gun and has made himself fatal to animals and birds is satisfied until he has shot a deer. A deer is a large mark and is much harder to hit than a sparrow. Its market value is about one-tenth the cost of getting within close range of it. It frequents countries which are infested with mosquitoes, gnats, flies, midges and gnats, who can cook up a mess of flour into a substance harder than a granite tombstone. Yet the hunter pines and is dissatisfied until he has crept upon an unsuspecting deer with great pleading eyes and has knifed a tunnel through it with a heavy rifle ball.

The probable reason for the popularity of deer hunting is the love of adventure. The deer, to be sure, does not leap upon the hunter and bite him in the neck as the lion does. It does it in a quiet and gentlemanly manner, like a calf at the butcher's and gets its revenge by making the hunter carry it fourteen miles through the woods in circles, hunting for the camp. The adventure comes in dodging other hunters. The supply of deer is so short and the number of hunters so great that the latter are often used as substitutes for game. Each year scores of hunters are shot in a tragic and irreparable manner by other hunters, who have searched for deer until they are willing to take a waving bit



"Some people say it isn't a disease at all, but just a sense of shame."

There is no disease in hunting. There is no shame in hunting. It is a sport, a game, a pleasure. It is a way of life. It is a way of thinking. It is a way of feeling. It is a way of being.

When a man has refrained from slaughter until he has located his first trophy and has gotten into a position where he has a work as for as a cow, he often suffers from buck fever. His hands tremble, his knees shake and he is unable to pull the trigger. This is a most peculiar disease. It doesn't hurt the hunter and it is as good as a health resort for the deer. Some people say it isn't a disease at all, but just a sense of shame.



NOT BROKE BUT BADLY BENT.

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, COUNTY OF FAYETTE.

Before me, the subscriber, a Notary Public within and for said county and state, personally appeared James J. McPartland, who being duly sworn according to law, did depose and say:

That he is Assistant Manager of Circulation of The Courier, a daily newspaper published at Conneltsville, Pa., and that the number of papers printed during the week ending Saturday, October 3, 1914, was as follows:

September 28	8,585
September 29	8,580
September 30	8,584
October 1	8,584
October 2	8,584
October 3	8,584
Total	41,137
Daily Average	6,856

That the daily circulation by months for the year 1914 to date was as follows:

January	187,988	6,962
February	187,533	6,989
March	185,030	7,110
April	180,425	7,159
May	184,000	7,077
June	181,144	6,967
July	182,544	6,915
August	180,804	6,925
Total	1,214,287	7,143

And further depose that:

JAS. J. McPARTLAND,
 Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of October, 1914.
 J. B. KURTZ,
 Notary Public.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

One Cent a Word.
 No Advertisement for Less Than 15 Cents.
 Classified columns close at noon. Advertisements of wants, sales, etc., received after that hour will not appear until the day following.

Wanted.

WANTED—YOUR BARBERING BUSINESS. REPAIRS. Shaggy.

WANTED—MIRRORES TO RE-HILVER. H. Staugenwhite, city. 320-J Bell phone.

WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. Apply 301 WILES ROAD. Bell phone 133. Oct14td

WANTED—A FARM HOME FOR A boy thirteen years old for the winter. Will work for board and change to go to school. Address Young Men's Christian Association or Rev. William Nelson, Conneltsville, Pa. Oct14td

For Rent.

FOR RENT—THREE UNFURNISHED rooms and bath. 347 N. PITTSBURG STREET. Oct14td

FOR RENT—THREE ROOMS FOR storage in brick building. EDWARD BAER, Grocer. Oct14td

FOR RENT—DWELLING HOUSE, centrally located, reasonable rent. Inquire Miss Anna E. Schmitz, upstairs, over Economy Department Store. 2500pt

FOR RENT—ONE 5 ROOM FLAT with bath on East Main street, for \$19.00. Inquire S. M. GOODMAN. 1400pttd

FOR RENT—EIGHT ROOM HOUSE on Park street, with bath. \$25.00 per month. Inquire J. A. MASON, Second National Bank Building. 9002td

FOR RENT—HOUSE AND LOT in brick row, First street, South Conneltsville, in good repair. Natural gas, electric light and city water. \$8 month. Inquire of WILLIAM N. GIBBETTS, that house north end of row, or H. P. SNYDER, Courier office.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE. MONEY to loan. EVANS & SHAW. 2100pttd

FOR SALE—FURNITURE. ALL NEW and in fine condition. Inquire at Currier's Store. Oct14td

FOR SALE—6 ROOM HOUSE ON South Arch street, with bath, \$2,500.00. Inquire J. A. MASON, Second National Bank Bldg.

FOR SALE—CHEAPEST AND MOST convenient building lots for workmen and others. City water, natural gas, electric light, trolley service. Prices range from \$50 to \$100, but mostly range around \$200. Inquire while they last at the office of THE CONNELLSVILLE EXTENSION COMPANY, The Courier Building, Conneltsville, Pa.

Description Notice.

WHEREAS MY WIFE MOLLIE Lowe having left my bed and board without just provocation, I hereby give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts of her contracting. William H. Lowe, 510 Tenth St. Conneltsville, Pa. 2001td

Turn Over a New Leaf

By subscribing for THIS PAPER

Who remembers when we used to call a kiss a buss?

If it rained soup the ultimate consumer would have a fork in his pocket.

Abe Martin.

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An Offering of Blankets And All Kinds of Bed Clothing

The Union Supply Company have immense Holdings of Blankets, Comforts, etc., bought at a big saving; bought when the whole world was in a dead calm, and hungry; very hungry for business. It is Blanket Time now; the cool nights require them, and you can get the best values for your money at our stores. They are the best Blanket bargains we have known in years. Different weights; different colors; single or in pairs. We will not give any quotations here; we want you to go and see them for yourself.

We also have very large stocks of Comforts, Coverlets, and other kinds of Bed Clothing. Good warm Comforts ranging in price from one dollar upwards.

We have the most complete assortment of Pillows and Mattresses that you can find in Pennsylvania, with all the equipment that goes with them, and while everybody is advancing prices and crying that the war made it necessary, our prices have not advanced, and are fully as low as they were a year ago.

We are quite sure that we can save you money on this line of goods.

Union Supply Company

63 Large Department Stores,
 Located in Fayette, Westmoreland and Allegheny Counties.

The War is On

Shoes Are Bound to Go Higher . . .

We want you to glance into our windows and see what we are showing for

\$3.00

Men's and Women's Fall and Winter Footwear, your choice \$3.

Down's Shoe Store

127 North Pittsburg St., Connellsville, Pa.



I FIT THE HARD TO FIT

Low Prices

Many people shout "low prices." The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say "low prices," and we back up the statement with a good, strong reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light, and we have many patrons. There's no use throwing money away—there's no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We'd be glad to see you at any time.

H. J. BOSLET

THE TAILOR
 YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD HERE.
 122 South Pittsburg Street.

Open Evenings. Repairing and Pressing.

HOOPER & LONG

Have the Best in Women's Shoes

They are attractive Shoes, correct in style, perfect in fit, and of a quality to preserve their fashionable shape. Select your footwear from our remarkable showing of the newest and best styles.

HOOPER & LONG

104 W. Main St.

THE HOUSE OF GOOD SHOES

This House of Good Shoes now stands ready to supply its patrons with the best Shoes for Men, Women, Boys, Misses and Children the world produces—Shoes from makers who have

WON A REPUTATION FOR MAKING THE BEST SHOES.

We could not impress you with figures here for the reason that all Shoe prices sound very much alike. We depend upon all our Shoes to peak for themselves and they do it wonderfully.

May we anticipate the pleasure of showing you our splendid Fall Shoes?

REGAL SHOE STORE. CROWLEY-MESTREZAT CO.

130 N. Pittsburg St.

See Window
Display

GIGANTIC SAMPLE SUIT SALE

See Window
Display

Our buyer after purchasing over 250 fine high-grade sample suits that were made to sell from \$20 to \$25 and some even higher, at prices that enables us to offer them to you at only \$10.00.

Without any doubt here is a wonderful opportunity for women who have in mind to purchase a new fall suit, supreme in style and low in price. It has never been known in the history before that such an extraordinary offer should be made right in the height of the season.

BAZAAR DEPT. STORE

212-216 N. Pittsburg St.,

MATERIALS

include chiffon, broad-loth, French serges, Gabardine, chevrons, diagonals, novelty weaves; colors are blue, black, green, wine; made with satin or peau de cygne lining; some fancy trimmed and others plainly tailored.

STYLES

include the most up-to-date cuts, new Redingote effects with new collars, long coats, some pleated and others plain; also some beautiful styles in cutaways; skirts are somewhat wider than formerly, some with yokes, others with pleats and Russian tunics.

At
OnlyFor 2 Days Only, Saturday, Oct. 10
Monday, Oct. 12

\$10

The
Human Slaughter-House

By WILHELM LAMSZUS

Copyright, Frederick A. Stokes Company

CHAPTER I.

Mobilization.
War! War is declared! So the news speeds hollow-eyed through the streets. We are at war. It's the real thing this time.

Mobilization!
The ominous word dominates the placards on the handbills. The newspapers reproduce the proclamations in their heaviest type, and rumors and dispatches flutter like a ruffled dove-cote round this day of blood and iron. It is deadly earnest now. And this sense of the seriousness of it has numbed the state like a stroke of paralysis. But then a jar, as if a lever thrown over, goes through the vast iron fabric. And every one has got to yield to this jar. The time for anxiety and hesitation is over, for doubts and oscillation. The moment has now come when we come to be citizens, from henceforward we are only soldiers—soldiers who have no time to think, who only have time to die.

So they come flocking in from the workshops, from the factories, from behind the counters, from business of fees, and the open country—they come flocking into the town, and every man falls in to stand by his native land.

"Four days from date" was the order on my summons. Well, the fourth morning has come, and I have said good-by to my wife and my two children. Thank God, the fourth morning has come, for the parting was not easy, and my heart aches when I think of them "at home."

"Where are you going, Daddy?" asked Baby, as I kissed her for the last time with my portmanteau in my hand.

"Daddy's going on a journey," said her mother, and looked at me with a smile and her tears. "Yes, he's going on a journey, kiddie, and you, little chap, you've got to be good, and do as Mummy tells you."

And then we got the parting over quickly, for Dora kept up her pluck until the last moment. . . .

Now we are drawn up in the barracks with bay and baggage—no of the rank and file—we reservists and militiamen, every man at his place by the table.

How serious their faces are. They reveal no trace of youthful high spirits or martial exuberance. Their expressions rather betoken deep thought.

"The war that in the end was bound to come"—so we heard and so we read in the papers. "That is bound to be so, that is a law of nature. The nations are snatching the bread from one another's mouths; they are depriving each other of the air to breathe. That is a thing which in the end can only be settled by force. And if it has to be, better it should be today than tomorrow."

We are mercenaries no longer—these hirelings for murder, who once sold their blood for money down to all and sundry. We are gladiators no longer—slaves who enact the drama of dying as an exciting spectacle for the entertainment of the rich, and for the lust of their eyes. It is to our native land we took our oath. And if it must be, we are resolved to die as citizens, to die in the full consciousness and full responsibility for our acts.

What will the next few days have in store for us?

Not one of us has probably ever, with his own eyes, seen a field of battle. But we have heard about it from others, and we have read in books of other men what a battle-field looked like in 1870-71, not as though with our own eyes, we have

watched the shells shattering human bodies. And another thing we know is that forty years ago in spite of inferior guns and rifles, over a hundred and twenty thousand dead stayed behind on the field of honor. What percentage of the living will modern warfare claim? Armies are being marshaled faster than the wind has ever seen. Germany alone can put six million soldiers in the field; France as many. Then the war of '70-71 was nothing more than a long-drawn affair of outposts. My brain reels when I try to visualize these masses starting to march against one another; I seem to choke for breath.

Then are we a breed of men other than our fathers?

In the reason because we only have one life to lose? And do we cling as passionately to this life? Isn't our native land worth more than this scrap of life?

There probably won't be many among us who believe in the resurrection, who believe that our mangled bodies will rise again in new splendor. Nor do we believe that our Father in Heaven will have pleasure in our murderous doings, that in that better world he will regard us other than as our brothers' murderers. But we bend our heads before iron necessity. The fatherland has called us, and we, as loyal sons, obey the command there is in evading, submissively. . . . From today onward we belong to our native land, so the major shouted a minute ago as he read out the articles of war.

And it's going to be the real thing this time.

The sergeant-major has already read the roll and checked it. We are all ready to go to the front. Now, in a long column, we are marching across the barracks-yard, for this very day we are ordered to doff our civilian dress, and don our new kit. This very day we have got to become soldiers.

Things are moving apace with us now.

CHAPTER II.

Soldier.

On the afternoon of the following day, the company is detailed for barracks drill. "We are lying on our stomachs in the barracks-yard, and are being drilled in taking aim and firing lying down."

I have just been sighting. In front of me on the barracks wall over there they have painted targets. Ring targets, head targets, chest targets. Three hundred yards. I take pointblank aim, and press the trigger. "Square in the chest." That ought to count as a bull's-eye.

Wonder how many clips of cartridges am I going to get through?

Wonder if there will be a bull's-eye among them?

If every man of those millions they are putting into the field against the enemy fires about a hundred cartridges, and there is one bull's-eye in every hundred, that works out at that amounts to . . . and I can't help smiling at this neat sum in arithmetic. . . . then the answer is no one at all. That is a merry sum, snick!

The fifth cartridge tumbles out. I am in another clip of dummy cartridges.

How quickly and smoothly that's done. One—two seconds, and five cartridges are set in your magazine. Every one of them, if need be, can penetrate six men; it can penetrate palisades and trees; it can penetrate earthworks and stone walls. There is practically no cover left against this dainty little missile, against this little pointed cone.

And what a wonderful bit of mechanism this Mauser rifle is. How

wretchedly badly off they were in 1870-71 with their rattlesnap needle guns. A single feeble bullet at a time, and after you had fired it came the long, complicated business of reloading.

And yet the war accounted for well over a hundred thousand French and German dead.

I wonder how many dead this war will account for? If only every fifth man is left on the field, and if another fifth comes home invalided . . . what will its harvest amount to then?

The whole of both countries are at this moment covered with soldiers lying flat, and all of them with their rifles at the ready, and all of them pointing the death-bearing barrels at one another, are perfecting their selves in the art of hitting the heart.

But behind them the guns are swinging up. The gunners are jumping down and dragging the trail round. They are already aligned, and a thousand black mouths are gaping uncanonically toward the heavens.

We were once standing—we were in camp for musketry training at the time—and watching a battery firing with live ammunition. They had unlimbered and were ready to fire. The officers were peering into the distance through their field-glasses. The targets were not as yet in sight. We were all gazing intently toward the firing zone, where at any moment something might come into view. . . . There! Away over there, in the distance, something is moving! A shout of command.

The subaltern points to the moving target with his right hand. He shouts out the range. The gunners take aim, and:

"Ready! No. 1 gun. Fire!"

The missile is already a-wing, and for the space of a moment we feel the iron messenger flitting past. The air is a-hum. Boom! and a thousand yards in front of us the shell has exploded above the cavalry riding to the attack, and has splattered its rain of lead over the blue targets. And then Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6.

The next target was about a mile away, and the new range quickly found. Again the strange missile sped away and covered its measured course. It was a thing to marvel at, to see how it checked in the air of its own volition and burst. It seemed as though each one of these iron cylinders had a brain—as if it were endowed with life and consciousness—so certainly did it find its billet.

And when the battery had ceased firing and had limbered up, and the danger cone had been pulled down, we went out into the field of fire. There the linked targets under fire were lying. They had been struck down by the shrapnel—all the while the Head, body, limbs; we did not need a single figure that had not been drilled through and through. We stood and marveled at the accuracy of it, and with a shudder thought of targets other than contraptions of laths and canvas.

Wonder whether they have engines of such perfect precision on the other side?

How the experts have, day in, day out, been inventing and constructing new marvels of mechanism. The mechanical side of war has been raised to a high standard of genius and a fine art. Two hundred and forty bullets and more to the minute! What a marvel of mechanism one of those machine-guns is. You set it buzzing, and it spouts out bullets thicker than rain can fall. And the automatic Hicks' rifle hungrily and sweeps from right to left. It is pointed on the middle of the body, and sprays the whole firing-line with one sweep. It is as though death had scrawped his scythe for old iron; as if nowadays he had graduated as expert mechanic. They have ceased to mow corn by hand nowadays. By this time of day even the sheaves are gathered up by machinery. And so they will have to shovel our millions of bodies underground with burying machines.

Curse! I cannot get rid of this hideous thought. It is always cropping up again. We have passed on from retail to wholesale methods of business. In place of the loom at which you sat working with your own hands, they have now set the great power-looms in motion. Once it was a knightly death, an honorable soldier's death; now it is death by machinery.

That is what is sticking in my gut. We are being hustled from life to death by experts—by mechanicians. And just as they turn out buttons and pins by wholesale methods of production, so they are now turning out the crippled and the dead by machinery. Why do I, all of a sudden, begin to shudder? I feel as if it had suddenly become clear as daylight that this is madness—blood-red madness lowering for us there.

Curse! I must not go on brooding over it any longer, or it will drive me mad. Your rifle at the ready! The enemy is facing you! Has that ceased to be a case of man to man? What does it matter even if the bullet finds its billet more surely? Aim steadily—straight for the chest. . . . Who is it really facing me? The man I am now going to shoot dead? An enemy? What is an enemy?

And again I see myself on that glorious morning of my holidays, at a French railway station, and again I am gazing curiously out of the window. A foreign country and a stranger-people. The moment for departure has come. The station-master is just giving the signal. Then a little old woman extends her trembling hand to the window, and a fine young fellow in our carriage takes the wrinkled hand and strokes it, until the old woman's tears course down her motherly cheeks. Not a word does she speak. She only looks at her boy, and the lad goes down on his mother. Then it flashes upon me like a revelation. Foreigners can shed tears. Why, that is just the same thing it is with us. They weep when they take leave of one another. They love one another and feel grief. And as the train rolled out of the station, I kept on looking out of the window and seeing the old woman standing on the platform so desolately, and gazing after the train without stirring. I could not help thinking of my own mother. It was I, myself who was saying good-by to her, and on the platform yonder my poor old mother was in tears. Pocket-handkerchiefs were flowing in the breeze. They were waving their hands, and I waved mine too; for I, too, was one who belonged to her.

And again I put my rifle to my shoulder, and take aim for the center of the target.

I will not go on torturing myself with these thoughts.

The target seems to have been moved nearer to me.

Of a sudden it seems to me as if the blue-painted figure had stopped out of its white square. I gaped at it. I distinctly see a .38 in front of me. I have got my finger on the trigger, and feel the tension of the pressure. Why don't I pull it through? My finger is trembling. . . . Now, now, I recognize the face. That is the young fellow at Nancy who was saying good-by to his mother.

Then the spring gives, and the great horror masters me, for I have fired straight into a living face. Murderer! Murderer! You have shot the only son of his mother dead. Thou art thy brother's murderer. . . . I take a hold on myself. I pull myself together. A murderer? Polly! A spook!

You are a soldier. Soldiers cease to be human beings. The fatherland is at stake. And without turning a hair I take aim at the enemy. If you miss him he will get you. "Got him! In the middle of the chest."

CHAPTER III.

Our Father Which Art in Heaven. We rejoined the colors on Friday. On Monday we are to move out. To-day, being Sunday, is half-dress church parade. I sleep badly last night, and am feeling uneasy and limp.

And now we are sitting close-packed in church.

The organ is playing a voluntary. I am leaning back and straining my ears for the sounds in the dim twilight of the building. Childhood's days rise before my eyes again. I am watching a little solemn-faced boy sitting crouched in a corner and listening to the divine service. The priest is standing in front of the altar, and is intoning the exhortation devoutly.

The choir in the gallery is chanting the responses. The organ thunders out an floods through the building majestically. I am not in an ecstasy of sweet terror, for the Lord God is coming down upon us. He is standing before me and touching my body, so that I have to close my eyes in a terror of shuddering ecstasy. . . .

That is long, long ago, and is all past and done with, as youth itself is past and done with. . . . Strange! After all these years of doubt and unbelief, at this moment of lucid consciousness, the atmosphere of devoutness, long since dead, possesses me, and thrills me so passionately that I can hardly resist it. This is the same heavy twilight—these are the same yearning angel voices—the same fearful sense of rapture—

I pull myself together, and sit bolt upright on the hard wooden pew.

In the rain and the side aisles below, and in the galleries above, nothing but soldiers in uniform, and all, with level faces, turned toward the altar, toward that pale man in his long dignified black gown, toward that somber, unctuous mouth, from whose lips flows the name of God.

Look! He is now stretching forth his hands. We incline our heads. He is pronouncing the benediction over us in a voice that echoes from the tomb. He is blessing us in the name of God, the merciful. He is blessing our rifles that they may not fall us; he is blessing the wire-drawn guns on their patent recoilless carriages; he is blessing every precious cartridge, lest a single bullet be wasted, lest any pass idly through the air; that each one may account for a hundred human beings, may shatter a hundred human beings simultaneously.

Father in Heaven! Thou art gazing down at us in such terrible silence. Dost Thou shudder at these sons of men? Thou poor and slight God! Thou couldst only rain Thy pearly pitch and sulphur on Sodom and Gomorrah. But we, Thy children, whom Thou hast created, we are going to exterminate them by high-pressure machinery, and butcher whole cities in factories. Here we stand, and while we stretch our hands to Thy Son in prayer, and cry Hosannah! we are hurling shells and shrapnel in the face of Thy image, and shooting the son of man down from his cross like a target at the rifle-butt.

And now the holy communion is being celebrated. The organ is playing mysteriously from afar off, and the flesh and blood of the Redeemer is mingling with our flesh and blood.

There he is hanging on the cross above me, and gazing down upon me. How pale these cheeks look! And these eyes are the eyes as of one dead! Who was this Christ who is to aid us, and whose blood we drink? What was it they once taught us at school? Didst thou not love mankind? And didst thou not die for the whole human race? Stretch out this arm toward me. There is something I would fain ask of thee. . . . Ah! they have nailed thy arms to the cross, so that thou cannot stretch out a finger toward us.

Shuddering, I fix my eyes on the corpse-like face and see that he has died long ago, that he is nothing more than wood, nothing other than a puppet. Christ, it is no longer thee to whom we pray. Look there! Look there! It is he. The new patron saint of a Christian state! Look there! It is He, the great Djengis Khan. Of him we know that he swept through the history of the world with fire and sword, and piled up pyramids of skulls. Yes, that is he. Let us heap up mountains of human heads, heap up heaps of human entrails. Great Djengis Khan! Thou, our patron saint! Do thou bless us! Pray to thy blood-drunk father seated above the skies of Asia, that he may sweep with us through the clouds; that he may strike down that accursed nation till it writhes in its blood, till it never can rise again. A red mist swims before my eyes. Of a sudden I see nothing but blood before me. The heavens have opened, and the red flood pours in through the windows. Blood wells up on the altar. The walls run blood from the ceiling to the floor, and—God the Father steps out of the blood. Every scale of his skin stands erect, his beard and hair drip blood. A giant of blood stands before

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me. He seats himself backward on the altar, and is laughing from thick coarse lips—there sits the king of Dahomey and butchers his slaves. The black executioner raises his sword and whirles it above my head. Another moment and my head will roll down on the floor—another moment and the red jet will spurt from my neck. Uccer! None other than murderers! Lord God in Heaven!

Then—
The church door opens creaking—
Light, air, the blue of heaven, burst in.

I draw a breath of relief. We have risen to our feet, and at length pass out of the twilight into the open air. My knees are still trembling under me.

We fall into line, and in our hob-nailed boots tramp in step down the street toward the barracks. When I see my mates marching beside me in their matter-of-fact and stolid way, I feel ashamed, and call myself a wretched coward. What a weak-nerved, hysterical breed, that can no longer look at blood without fainting! You neurasthenic offspring of your sturdy peasant forbears, who shouted for joy when they went out to fight! I pull myself together and throw my head back.

I never was a coward, and eye for eye I have always looked my man in the face, and will do so this time, too, happen what may.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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